



# BEST of the WEST



THE ORIGINAL INDIAN HERO OF RADIO

## STRAIGHT ARROW



NO. 1 10c

THE MOVIES' MOST COLORFUL WESTERN STAR—  
The CHARLES STARRETT

## DURANGO KID



FOUR STARS  
IN  
ONE BOOK!

BOBBY BENSON'S

## B-Bar-B

RIDER



## GHOST RIDER

the





[illegible]



# STRAIGHT ARROW

GREAT IS THE PERIL OF  
COMANCHE LAND WHEN THUNDER-  
ING LEGIONS OF CROWS GO ON  
THE RAMPAGE! MIGHTY AND TERRIFY-  
ING IN COMBAT IS THE CROW  
CHAMPION, POW-TAH-KAN THE  
GIANT--AND MOST TERRIBLE OF  
BATTLES IS THAT BETWEEN HIM AND  
STRAIGHT ARROW...

## GIANT-KILLER!

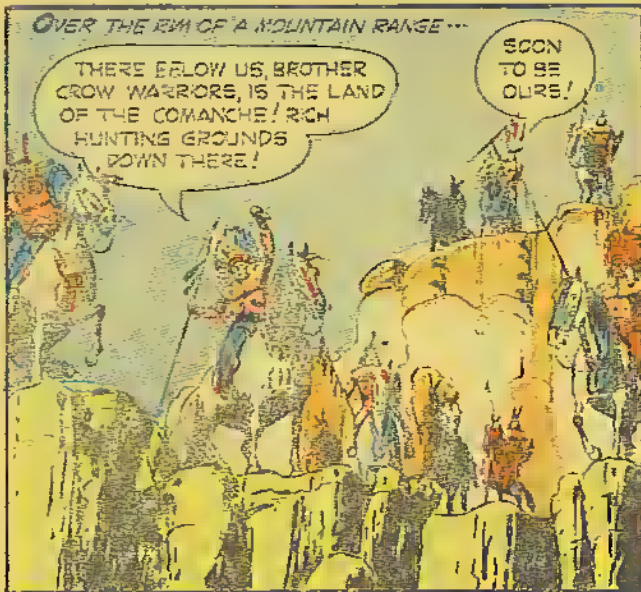


OVER THE RIM OF A MOUNTAIN RANGE--

THERE BELOW US, BROTHER  
CROW WARRIORS, IS THE LAND  
OF THE COMANCHE! RICH  
HUNTING GROUNDS  
DOWN THERE!

SOON  
TO BE  
OURS!

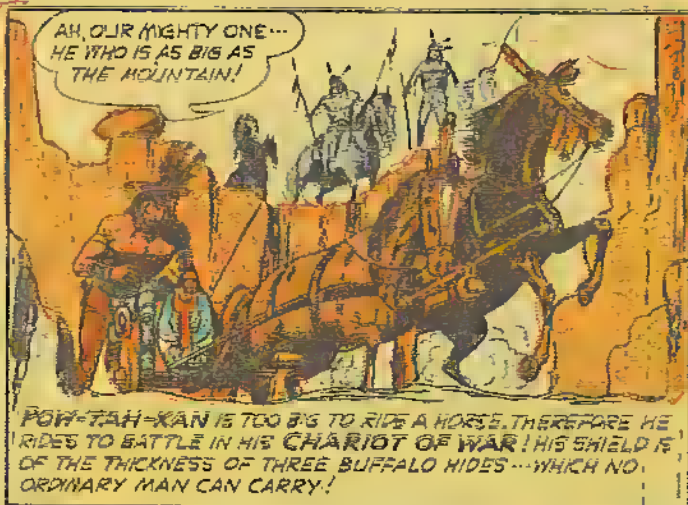
YES, THE WHITE MAN HAS PUSHED  
US OFF OUR ANCIENT LANDS--AND  
WE MUST HAVE NEW HUNTING  
GROUNDS! WE WILL TAKE  
NEW LANDS BY FORCE--  
FROM THE COMANCHE!







GREAT IS OUR  
FIGHTING POWER--  
AND MIGHTIEST AMONG  
US IS OUR WARRIOR  
GIANT-POW-TAH-  
KAN!



AH, OUR MIGHTY ONE--  
HE WHO IS AS BIG AS  
THE MOUNTAIN!

POW-TAH-KAN IS TOO BIG TO RIDE A HORSE. THEREFORE HE  
RIDES TO BATTLE IN HIS CHARIOT OF WAR! HIS SHIELD IS  
OF THE THICKNESS OF THREE BUFFALO HIDES--WHICH NO  
ORDINARY MAN CAN CARRY!



NEITHER BULLET NOR ARROW  
CAN PIERCE MY SHIELD! NO MORTAL  
MAN CAN WITHSTAND MY MIGHTY BOW,  
MY TERRIBLE LANCE! I AM STRONGER  
THAN FOUR MEN--AND I THIRST FOR  
COMANCHE BLOOD! GIVE THE  
SIGNAL, CHIEF GREAT HAWK!

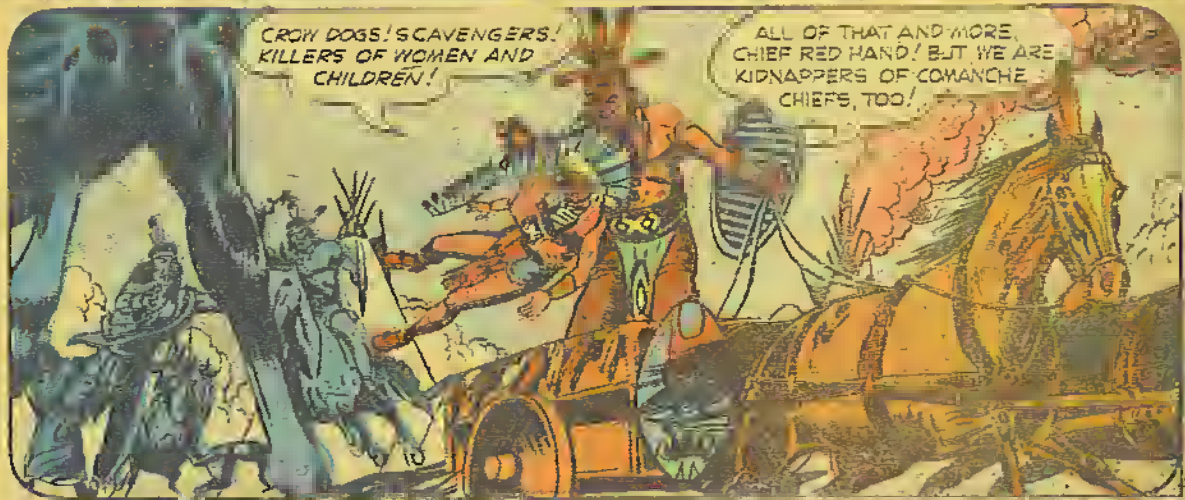


SO BE IT!--ATTACK!  
DOWN WITH THE  
COMANCHE!!



YA-A-A-A  
WAH-H-H-H!!





THEY MAY HAVE TAKEN  
RED HAND...BUT WE HAVE  
YET ANOTHER GREAT FIGHTER  
WHO CAN LEAD US IN THE  
DEFENSE OF OUR HOMES!  
I SPEAK OF...  
**STRAIGHT  
ARROW!**



**AND SHORTLY...**

ON, FURY! THOSE SMOKE  
SIGNALS TELL ME MY  
BROTHER COMANCHES  
ARE IN DANGER! RUN,  
FURY! KANEWAHH!



**THE COMANCHES TELL THEIR  
STORY...**

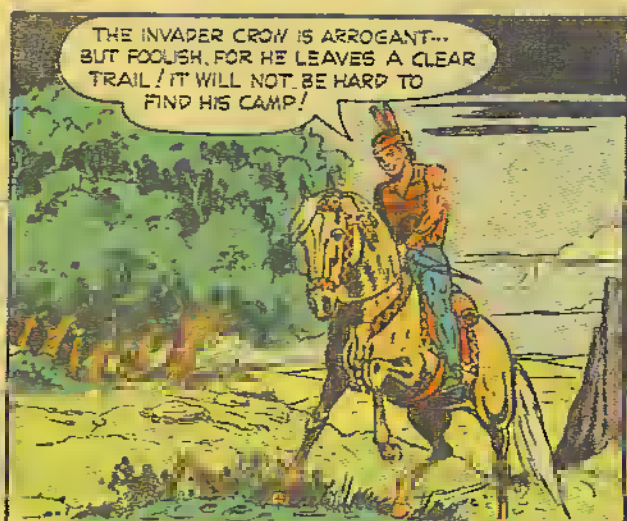
SO! THE CROWS  
HAVE A GIANT WHO  
LEADS THEM, EH?  
PREPARE FOR BATTLE  
ON THE MORROW,  
MY BROTHERS...



--BUT FOR TONIGHT--THERE  
IS WORK THAT I MUST DO!  
FEAR NOT, I WILL RETURN  
BEFORE DAWN TO LEAD YOU  
IN BATTLE...PERHAPS WITH  
OUR BELOVED CHIEF,  
RED HAND...



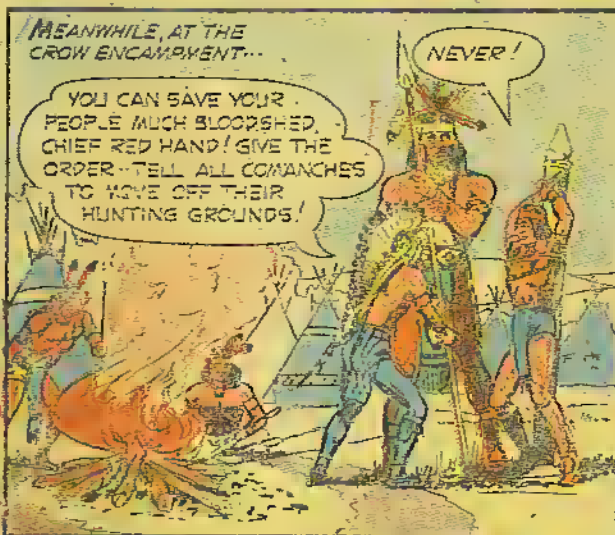
THE INVADER CROW IS ARROGANT...  
BUT FOOLISH, FOR HE LEAVES A CLEAR  
TRAIL! IT WILL NOT BE HARD TO  
FIND HIS CAMP!



**MEANWHILE, AT THE  
CROW ENCAMPMENT...**

YOU CAN SAVE YOUR  
PEOPLE MUCH BLOODSHED,  
CHIEF RED HAND! GIVE THE  
ORDER--TELL ALL COMANCHES  
TO MOVE OFF THEIR  
HUNTING GROUNDS!

**NEVER!**



I WILL NEVER GIVE SUCH  
AN ORDER! THE COMANCHE  
WILL FIGHT FOR HIS ANCIENT  
RENTS--TO THE DEATH, IF THAT  
MUST BE! DO YOUR WORST,  
DESPISED CROW DOGS!



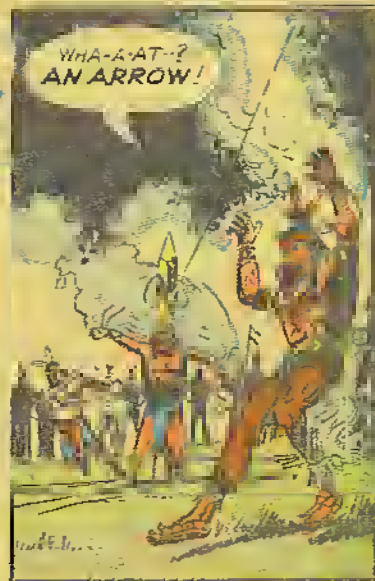




VERY WELL, THEN--WE  
WILL DO OUR WORST!  
WE HAVE WAYS TO MAKE  
YOU BEHAVE, COMANCHE--  
WAYS TO MAKE YOU  
TALK! POW-TAH-KAN--  
**THE ORDEAL!**



YOUR WORDS COMMAND,  
MY CHIEF! NOW--  
**THE ORDEAL!**

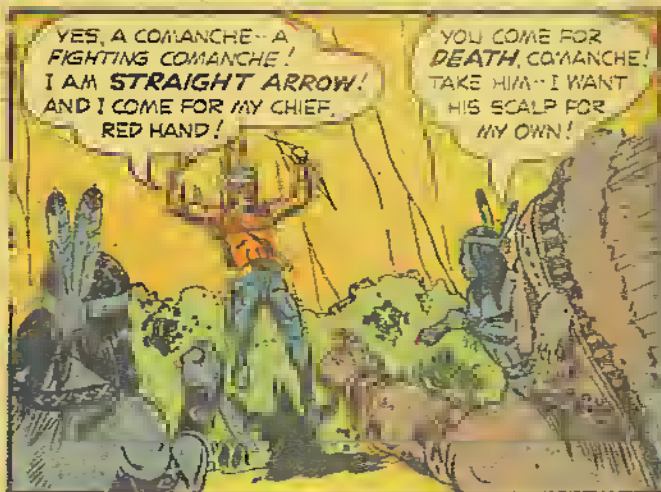


WHA-A-AT--?  
**AN ARROW!**



SO! THE CROWS HAVE  
BECOME COWARDLY AS  
THE CHICKEN, FOR THEY  
MAKE WAR ON WHITE-  
HAIRCED OLD MEN!

A  
COMANCHE!



YES, A COMANCHE--A  
FIGHTING COMANCHE!  
I AM **STRAIGHT ARROW!**  
AND I COME FOR MY CHIEF,  
RED HAND!

YOU COME FOR  
DEATH, COMANCHE!  
TAKE HIM--I WANT  
HIS SCALP FOR  
MY OWN!

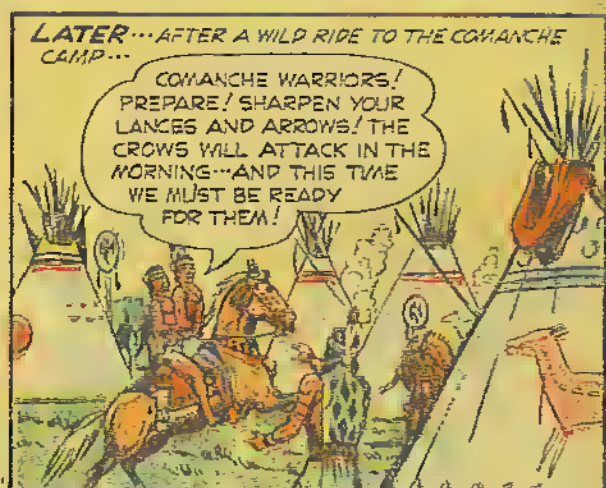
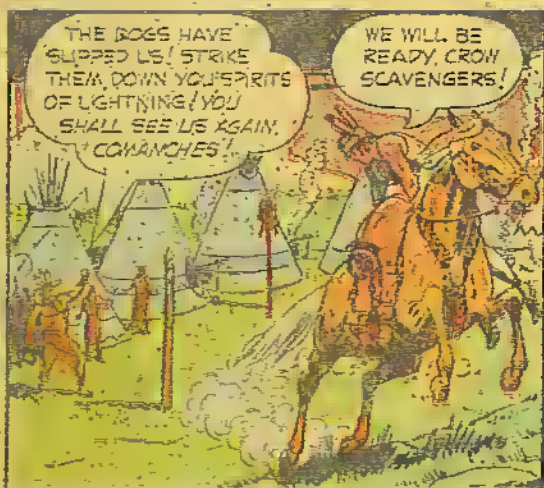
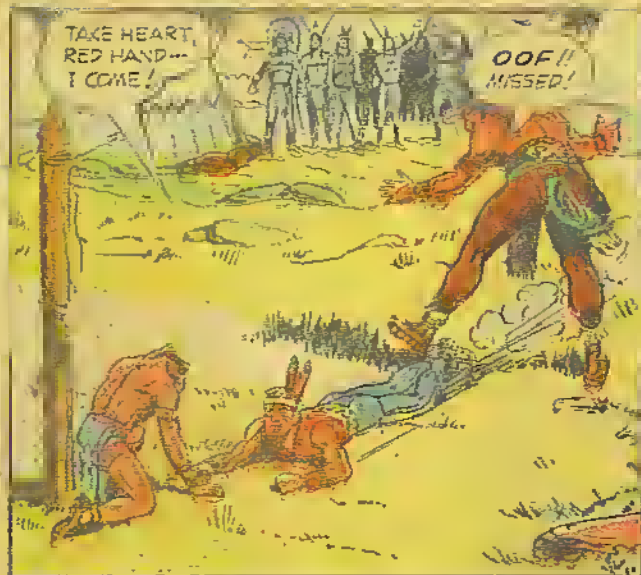


HOLD! LET ME PICK  
THIS COMANCHE DOG APART!  
I WILL TEAR HIM TO PIECES  
AND SCATTER HIM  
TO THE WINDS!

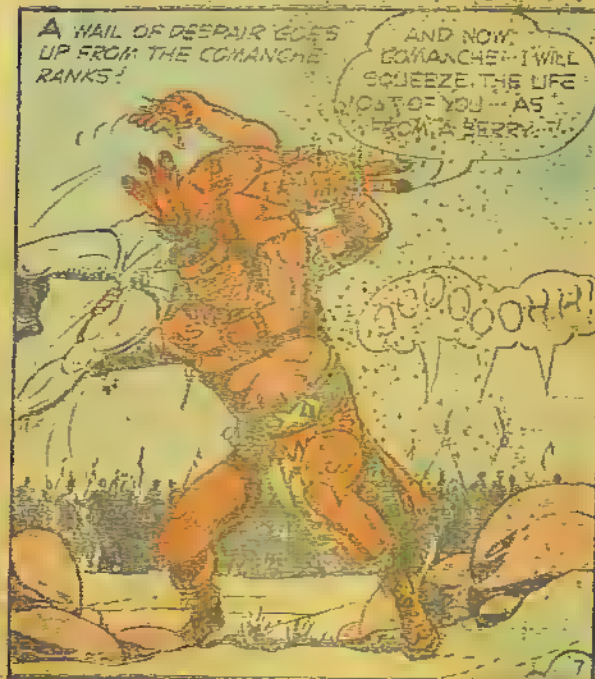
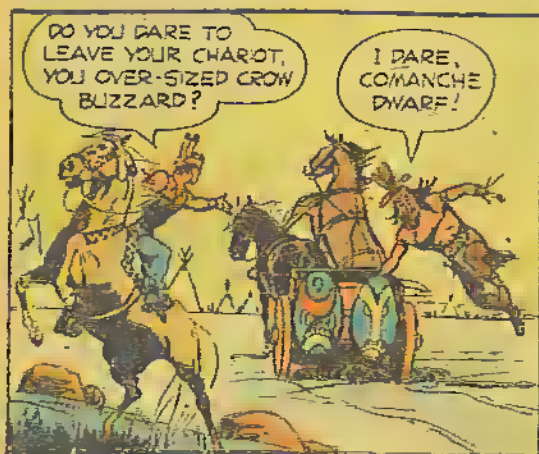
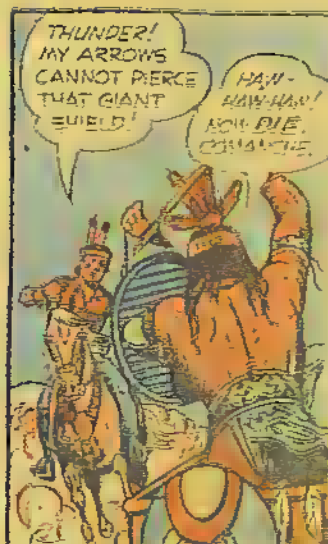


THE TIME IS NOT  
YET RIPE TO FIGHT  
THIS GIANT--MY  
MISSION IS TO  
SAVE RED  
HAND!

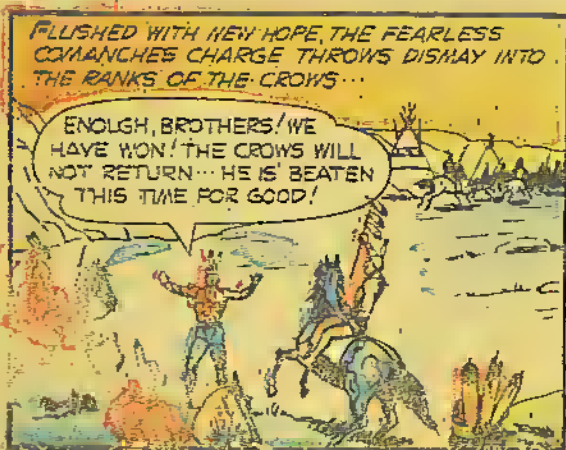
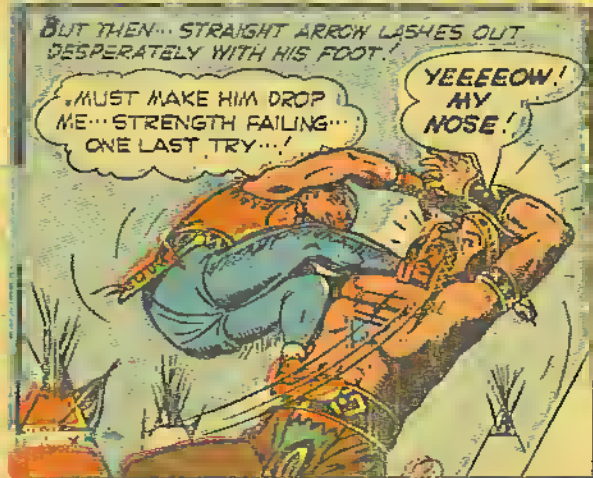
MAKE READY,  
YOU WHO ARE THE  
BIGGEST DOG OF  
ALL--!













# The DURANGO KID

DEATH AHEAD AND  
DEATH BEHIND — DANGER AND  
TERROR ALL AROUND! THAT'S THE GRIM  
PICTURE THAT FACES **THE DURANGO  
KID** WHEN HE TRACKS MURDER INTO  
THE WIDE BUFFALO PLAINS. AND YOU  
CAN'T SEE BULLETS FOR GUNSMOKE  
WHEN DURANGO TANGLES WITH

"DEATH ON THE  
Buffalo Trail!"



IN A HOTEL IN RED ROCK...

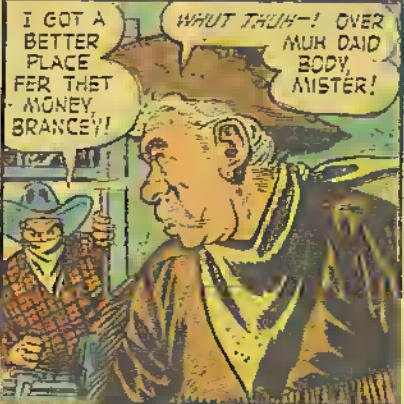
MUH LAST BUFFALO-HUNTING  
TRIP SHORE PAID OFF! SOLD  
ALL MUH HIDES FER TWO  
THOUSAND SMACKEROOS!

AN' **THIS**  
TIME I'M  
PUTTIN' IT  
ALL IN  
THUH  
BANK....!



I GOT A  
BETTER  
PLACE  
FER THET  
MONEY,  
BRANCEY!

WHUT TUAH—! OVER  
MUH DAID  
BODY,  
MYSTER!



THET  
SUITS  
ME  
FINE!





A SHORT TIME LATER...

SURE CAN'T WAIT TO SET EYES ON OUR OL' PAL, BRANCEY.

SHUCKS, STEVE, WHY CAN'T *WE* HIT THUH BUFFALO TRAIL, TOO? THAR'S EXCITEMENT AN' HEAPS OF MONEY IN COLLECTIN' BUFFALO HIDES. BEEN HANKERIN' TO DO THET FER A LONG TIME...

WHUT D'YUH SAY WE TALK TUH BRANCEY ABOUT IT? LET'S BARGE RIGHT IN AN' HOLY SCREAMIN' COYOTES!

BRANCEY!!

DAID! SOME SNEAKIN' SNAKE DONE BUSHED BRANCEY!

THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A FIGHT—THERE'S THIS TORN PIECE OF SHIRT IN BRANCEY'S HAND. MULEY—GO GET THE SHERIFF, QUICKLY!

LATER...

THIS AIN'T THUH FIRST STEVE—AN' IT AIN'T THUH LAST! BUFFALO HUNTERS HAVE BEEN ROBBED AN' KILLED HYAR IN TOWN AN' ON THUH TRAIL, TOO. THAR'S AN ORGANIZED GANG BEHIND THIS—OWLHOOTIN' THUH BUFFALO-HIDE MARKET!

I'D HANG 'EM ALL IF I COULD JEST GIT MUH PAWS ON 'EM! BUT THEY SHORE GOT ME FLAM-BOZZLED—NO CLUES, NO NUTHIN'!

NO CLUES—EXCEPT THIS PIECE OF TORN SHIRT—AND THAT ISN'T MUCH...

MULEY, IF THOSE OWLHOOTS ARE TRAILING BUFFALO HUNTERS—THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR US TO DO START PACKING, PARTNER—WE'RE HITTING THE BUFFALO TRAIL!

AND SO—BY DUSK...

WE OUGHTA HIT THUH TRAIL BY MORNIN'—AN' GIT THEM BUFFALO CRITTERS MIGRATIN' SOUTH. THEN'S WHEN THEIR HIDES IS BEST.

—AND WE'VE GOT RAIDER ALONG—JUST IN CASE THE DURANGO KID IS NEEDED...



NEXT DAY...

AIM RIGHT BEHIND  
THE FORELEG, MULEY—  
ABOUT A THIRD OF THE  
WAY UP THE BODY!

**YAHOO!** WHEN THEY GIT  
IT FROM THIS  
SHARP .50 CALIBRE RIFLE—  
THEY **STAY** HIT, BY  
DIGGETY!



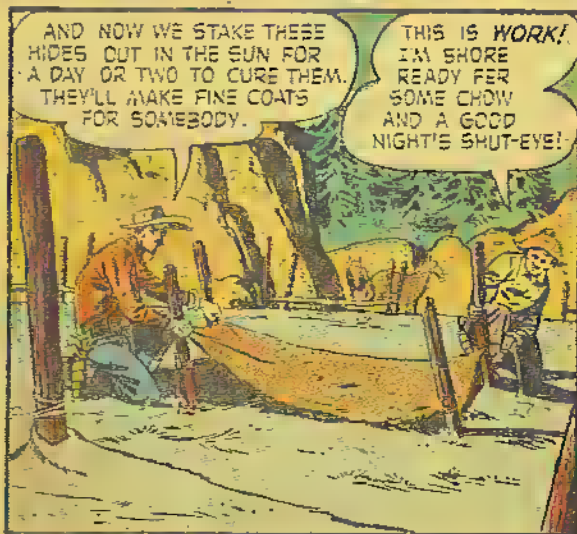
NOT A BAD HAUL FOR ONE DAY.  
I'LL SKIN THEM, MULEY. YOU GET  
THE POISON OUT OF THE BAG  
AND DUST THE HIDE WITH  
IT!

RIGHT!  
P'IZEN KEEPS  
THUM ANTS  
AN' INSECTS  
OFF 'EM.



AND NOW WE STAKE THESE  
HIDES OUT IN THE SUN FOR  
A DAY OR TWO TO CURE THEM.  
THEY'LL MAKE FINE COATS  
FOR SOMEBODY.

THIS IS **WORK!**  
I'M SHORE  
READY FER  
SOME CHOW  
AND A GOOD  
NIGHT'S SHUT-EYE!

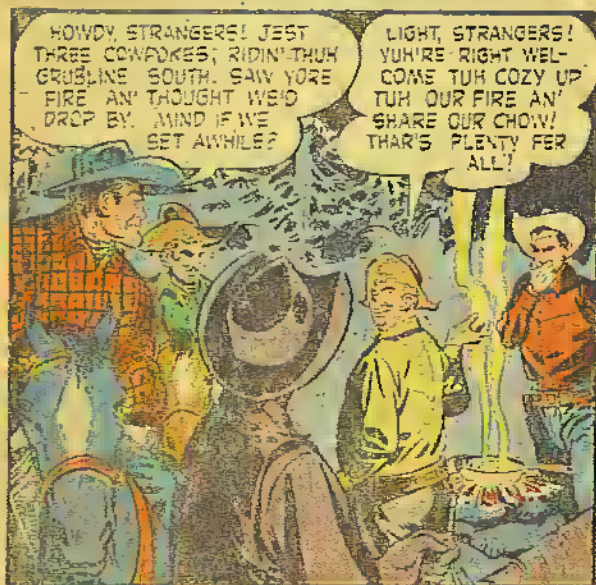


FRIED BUFFALO-STEAK—**MMMM!**  
**MMMM!** GLORY BE— THIS IS  
THUH LIFE!



HOWDY, STRANGERS! JEST  
THREE COWPOKES; RIDIN' THUH  
GRUBLINE SOUTH. SAW YORE  
FIRE AN' THOUGHT WE'D  
DROP BY. MIND IF WE  
SET AWHILE?

LIGHT, STRANGERS!  
YUH'RE RIGHT WEL-  
COME TUH COZY UP  
TUH OUR FIRE AN'  
SHARE OUR CHOW!  
THAR'S PLENTY FER  
ALL!

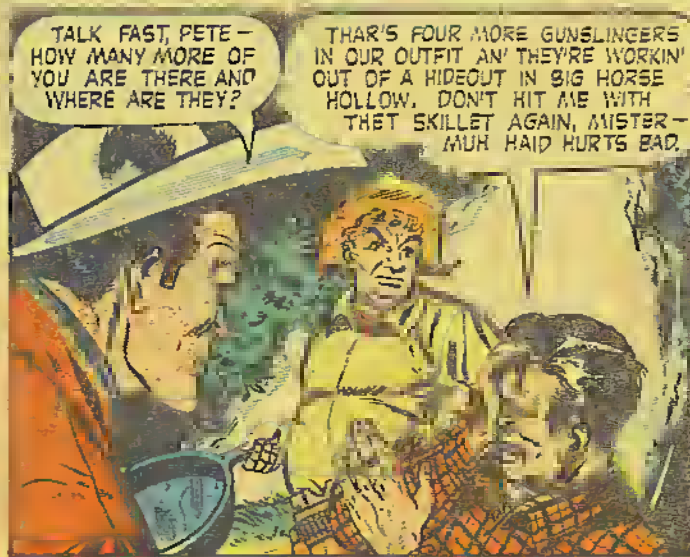


YUH HEARD WHUT THE MAN SAID,  
BOYS— LET'S LIGHT AN' SET FER  
A WHILE—JEST A SHORT WHILE...

**THAT  
SHIRT!!**









NEXT MORNING...

TAKE THEM INTO TOWN AND  
TURN THEM OVER TO THE  
SHERIFF, I HAVE OTHER  
THINGS TO DO!

I GOT IT,  
STEVIE. BE  
KEERFUL,  
DURANG—ER—  
I MEAN  
STEVE!



AND NOW,  
RAIDER—  
LET'S  
RIDE!



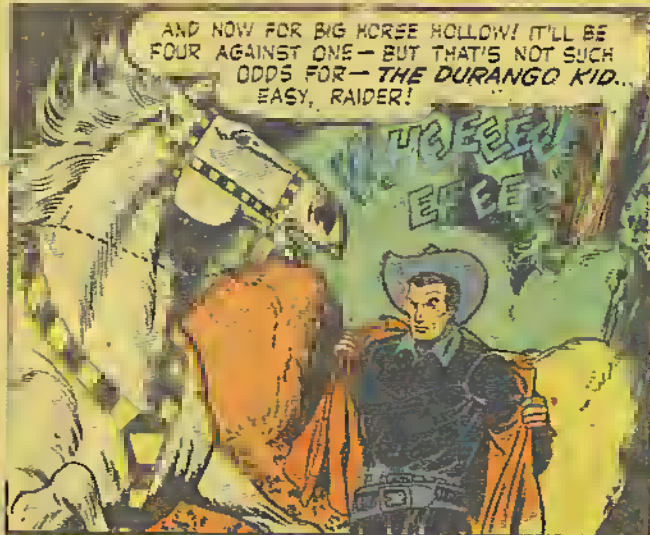
THAT SHADOW! THERE'S  
A RIFLEMAN ON THAT  
EDGE—THUNDER! I  
SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED  
THAT!



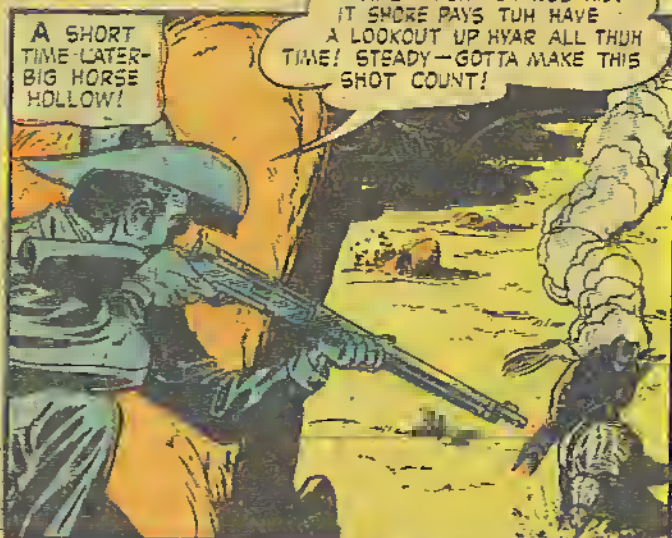
WHEW! CLOSE! AND THERE'S  
NO COVER ON THIS FLAT CANYON  
FLOOR EXCEPT THAT BOULDER!



AND NOW FOR BIG HORSE HOLLOW! IT'LL BE  
FOUR AGAINST ONE—BUT THAT'S NOT SUCH  
ODDS FOR—THE DURANGO KID—  
EASY, RAIDER!

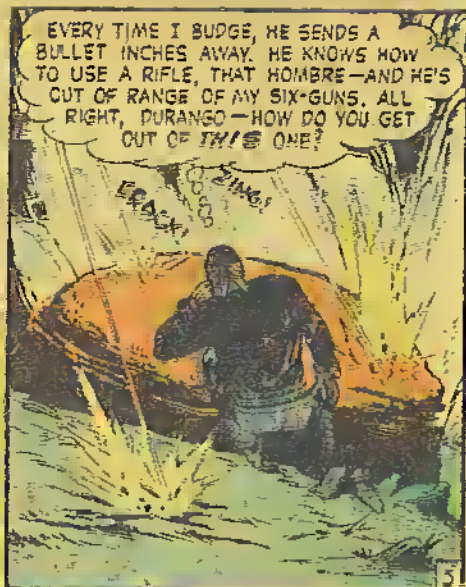


A SHORT  
TIME LATER—  
BIG HORSE  
HOLLOW!



WAL—THUH DURANGO KID!  
IT SHORE PAYS TUM HAVE  
A LOOKOUT UP HYAR ALL THUH  
TIME! STEADY—GOTTA MAKE THIS  
SHOT COUNT!

EVERY TIME I BUDGE, HE SENDS A  
BULLET INCHES AWAY. HE KNOWS HOW  
TO USE A RIFLE, THAT HOMBRE—AND HE'S  
OUT OF RANGE OF MY SIX-GUNS. ALL  
RIGHT, DURANGO—HOW DO YOU GET  
OUT OF THIS ONE?







HEY, WHUT'S GOIN' ON?

GOT THUH DURANGO KID PINNED BEHIND THE BOULDER AN' HE DASSN'T MOVE—OR I SHAVE HIM DOWN WITH A RIFLE BULLET!



LONG AS HE STAYS THAR, HE'S SAFE. WE GOTTA SMOKE HIM OUT FROM BEHIND THE ROCK.

YEAH—BUT HOW? I SHORE AIN'T HANKERIN' TUH GIT ANY NEARER TUH THET HOMERE'S SIX-GUN!

I KNOW HOW! THAR'S A HERD O' BUFFALO GRAZIN' JEST AROUND THUH BEND. I'LL GO DOWN THAR AN' STAMPEDE 'EM DOWN THE VALLEY. THEY'LL GIT 'IM OUT FROM BEHIND THE ROCK!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

STAMPEDING BUFFALO! GREAT GUNS—I AM IN A SPOT NOW! IF I RUN FOR IT—THEY'LL SHOOT ME DOWN FOR SURE...!



...AND IF I STAY HERE, I'LL GET TRAMPLED! EITHER WAY IT'S CERTAIN DEATH! WAIT A MINUTE—THIS MIGHT PROVE TO BE A BLESSING—IF ONLY I'M FAST ENOUGH... HERE GOES...!



AS THE SPOOKED HERD OF BUFFALO BREAKS OVER THE BOULDER LIKE A TIDAL WAVE BE EERY...

GOT TO TIME THIS JUST RIGHT...LUCKY, THIS IS THE SEASON WHEN THEIR JADE IS LONG AND TOUGH...ALLEY OOP!

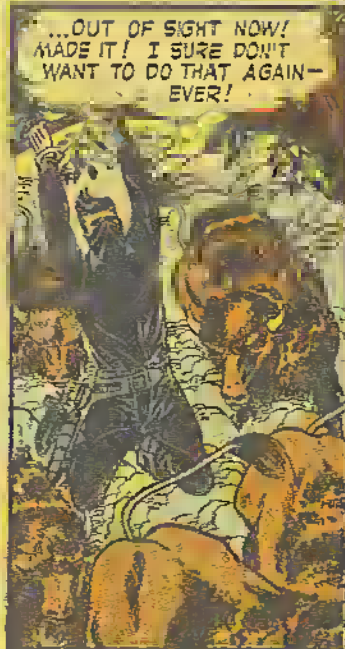




GOT TO KEEP LOW, OUT OF SIGHT...USE MY SPUR TO KEEP THESE OTHERS FROM CRUSHING ME...WHAT A JOLTING! BUT ONCE AROUND THAT BEND...



...OUT OF SIGHT NOW! MADE IT! I SURE DON'T WANT TO DO THAT AGAIN—EVER!



WAL, I DIDN'T SEE 'IM COME OUTA THAR!

THEN HE MUST BE BEHIND THET ROCK—TRAMPLED TUH DEATH. AIN'T NO MAN 'DARD LIVE THROUGH 'THEM? WE GOTTA SEE FER SHORE—KEEP YOUR GUNS READY!



DROP THOSE GUNS, HOMBRES!

WHUT THUH?! HOW DID— YEQWWW!!!

BLAM!



THAT GOES FOR YOU TWO, TOO!

Yiiii! WHUT SHOOTIN'!

BANG! BANG!



AND NOW, YOU OWLHOOTING SADDLETRAMPS, PACK UP ALL THE HIDES AND MONEY YOU STOLE—WE'VE GOT SOME TRAVELING TO DO!



LATER...

SELL THESE HIDES AND TURN ALL THE MONEY OVER TO THE SURVIVORS OF THIS GANG'S VICTIMS. RIGHT?

RIGHT!



The End



BOBBY BENSON'S

# B-Bar-B RIDERS



WHEN BOBBY BENSON AND THE B-BAR-B RIDERS HEAD INTO THE NORTH COUNTRY THEY FIND A NEW TYPE OF OUTLAW! INSTEAD OF STOLEN CATTLE BEING STAMPED ACROSS THE OPEN PRAIRIE, GIANT LOGS VANISH MYSTEROUSLY ON THEIR RIVER RUN TO THE SAWMILL! CRASHING TREES AND BLAZING GUNS IN THE HANDS OF DESPERATE LOGGERS SPELL DANGER FOR BOBBY BENSON IN HIS PURSUIT OF—

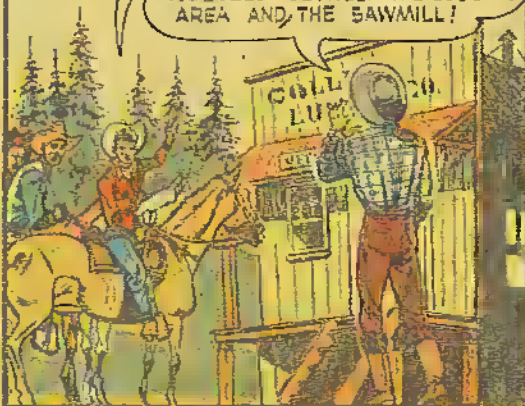
“The Timber Rustlers!”

AS BOBBY, TEX AND WINDY RIDE INTO THE COLLINS TIMBER RANCH...

HELLO, MR. COLLINS. THE B-BAR-B IS READY TO GIVE YOU A LARGE LOG ORDER. WE'RE PLANNING SOME NEW CONSTRUCTION.

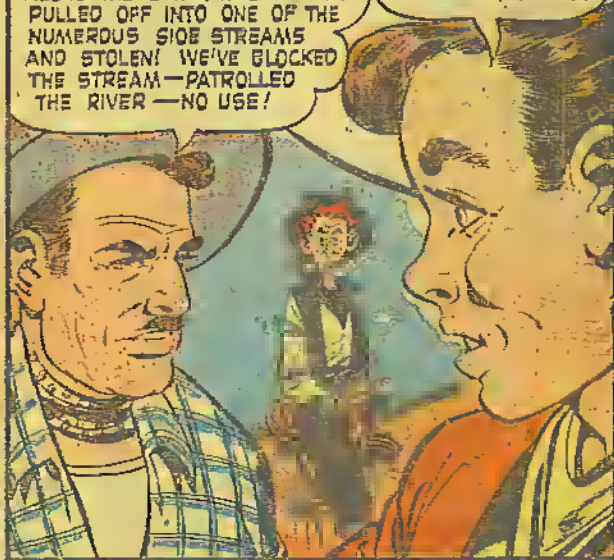
I'M AFRAID EVEN A LARGE ORDER WON'T TAKE ME OUT OF THE RED! TWENTY PER CENT

OF MY LOGS ARE RUSTLED BETWEEN THE LOGGING AREA AND THE SAWMILL!



IT'S SIX MILES FROM HERE TO THE MILL AND SOMEWHERE'S ALONG THE LINE MY LOGS ARE PULLED OFF INTO ONE OF THE NUMEROUS SIDE STREAMS AND STOLEN! WE'VE BLOCKED THE STREAM—PATROLLED THE RIVER—NO USE!

I THINK I'LL RIDE DOWN RIVER... COME ON, AMIGO!





YOU MUST BE  
KATHY COLLINS.  
I'M BOBBY BENSON.  
I WAS JUST RIDING  
DOWN RIVER TO GET  
A LOOK AT THE  
TIMBER-RUSTLING  
AREA.

TAKE THE LE-  
TRAIL, BOBBY.  
THOUGH YOU  
WON'T FIND  
ANYTHING. WE'VE  
SEARCHED, BUT  
THE RUSTLERS  
HAVE COVERED

UP THEIR TRAIL  
EVERY TIME!

HEY!  
REIN  
UP!

I WAS JUST TAKING  
THE RIVER TRAIL.  
MR. COLLINS SAID  
IT WAS ALL RIGHT.

YOU'RE THE BENSON KID.  
HEARD YUH MIGHT COME  
MEDDLIN'. LONG AS I'M  
FOREMAN, I RUN THE CUTTIN'  
AREA. SO—KEEP OUT!  
YUH MIGHT GIT HURT!

DON'T SAY JUD JENSON  
DIDN'T WARN YUH!

NEEEEEAAH!

WHAT'S WRONG, AMIGO?  
COME ON, BOY! LET'S  
RIDE ON!

A FALLING TREE!  
BACK!

I TOLD YUH THIS WAS NO  
PLACE FOR AN OUTSIDER! NOW SCRAM  
BEFORE WE'RE COMMISSIONED TO CHOP  
DOWN LOGS FOR YOUR COFFIN...!



THAT EVENING...

BUT I'M SURE IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, BOBBY. JUD'S BEEN WITH ME FOR YEARS. LOGGERS LIKE PRIVACY— THAT'S ALL.

MR. COLLINS, I THINK I HAVE A WAY TO TRACE THE MISSING LOGS. KATHY BOUGHT SOME RED DYE AND SMALL POROUS PACKAGES THIS AFTERNOON.



HERE THEY ARE, BOBBY, BUT HOW WILL THEY HELP LOCATE THE MISSING TIMBER?



IN THE MORNING WE'LL ATTACK THESE PACKAGES TO THE BOTTOM OF THE LOGS AS THEY SLIDE INTO THE RIVER. THE RED DYE WILL DO THE REST!

THE NEXT MORNING...

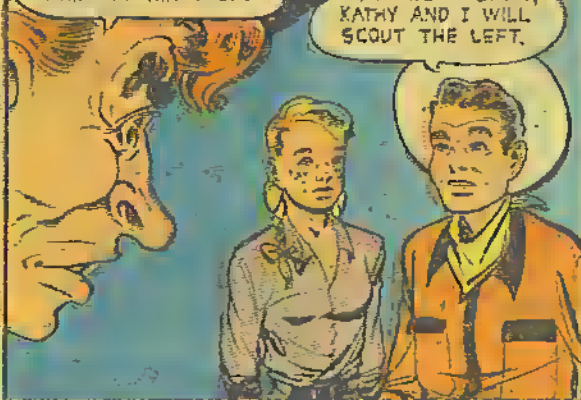
SHUCKS, LITTLE BOSS, CAN'T SEE MUCH POINT IN MAKIN' REDHEADS OUTA THESE LOGS!

THE RIVER RUNS TOO FAST FOR THE DYE TO SETTLE—IT WILL GO DOWN RIVER WITH THE LOGS. BUT IF LOGS ARE DIVERTED INTO A SIDE STREAM, THE CURRENT WILL BE SLOW AND THE DYE WILL REDDEN THE STREAM.



THEN IF WE SEE RED, THE LOG-SNATCHERS ARE WORKIN' THERE!

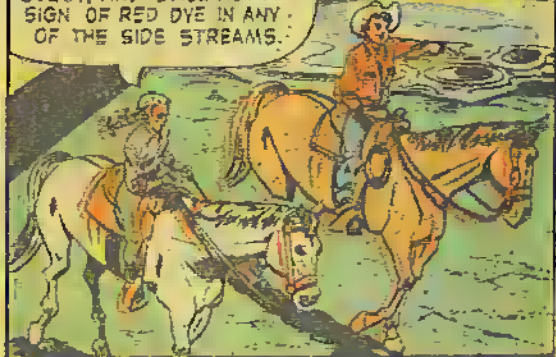
RIGHT, WINDY! YOU AND TEX GO DOWN THE RIGHT BANK, KATHY AND I WILL SCOUT THE LEFT.



SOON...

WE'VE GONE MORE THAN HALF WAY TO THE MILL, BOBBY, AND STILL NOT A SIGN OF RED DYE IN ANY OF THE SIDE STREAMS.

WAIT, KATHY! LOOK AHEAD!



THE WATER IS RED! THE LOGS MUST HAVE DIVERTED HERE!

WE'LL RIDE BACK TO THE BRIDGE THAT CROSSES THE RIVER HALF A MILE BACK AND GET THE OTHERS. THEN WE'LL CATCH THE RUSTLERS!

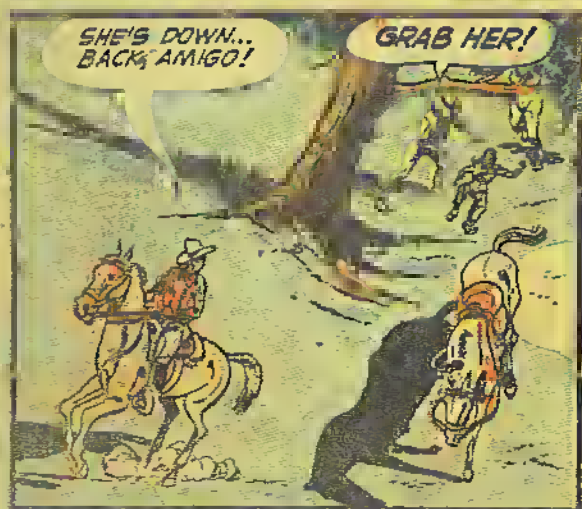
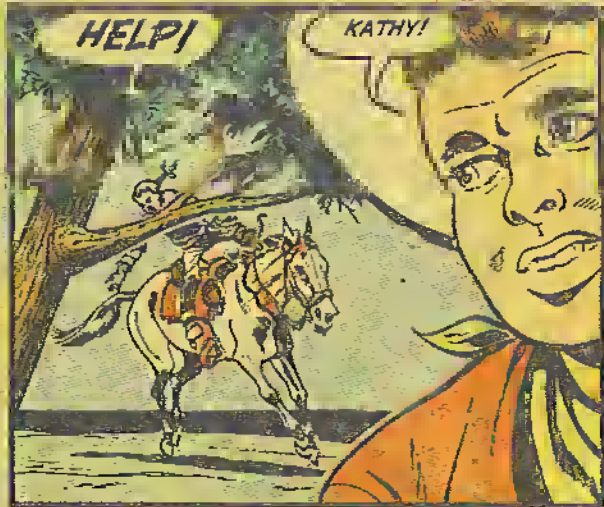
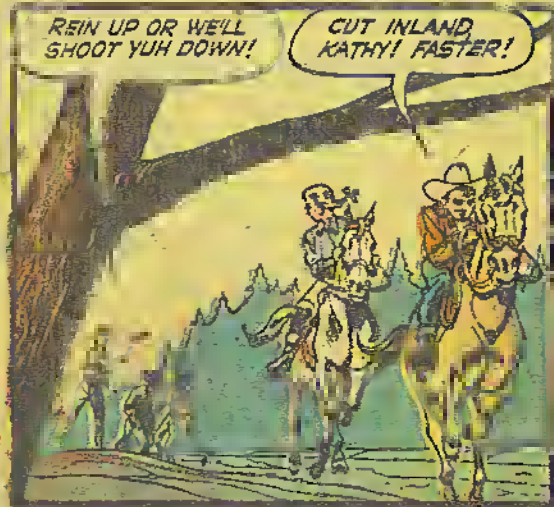


SHOOTING!

IT'S JUD AND TWO MEN! THEY MUST BE THE RUSTLERS! RIDE!









THERE HE GOES!  
IF HE COMES UP—I'LL SEND  
HIM DOWN FER KEEPS!



SECONDS LATER...

THEY'RE STILL  
FIRING! I'LL KEEP LOW AND FLOAT  
DOWNSTREAM WITH THESE LOGS. IF  
THEY DON'T SEE ME COME UP, THEY  
MAY THINK I'VE DROWNED!

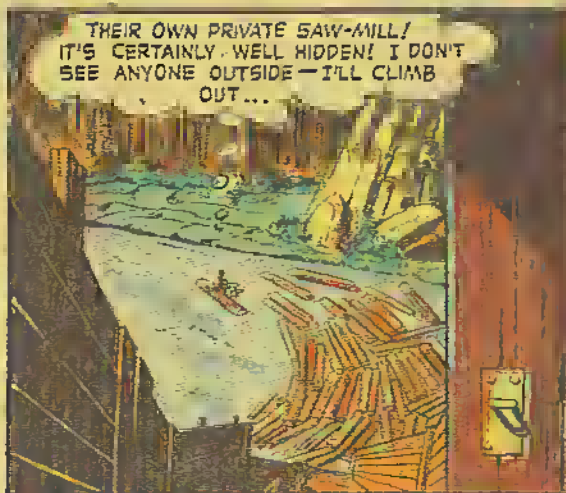


SOON...

THEY MUST HAVE  
LEFT ME FOR DEAD—I  
HAVEN'T HEARD ANY MORE SHOOTING  
UPSTREAM. BUT WHAT'S THAT  
BUZZING SOUND...?



THEIR OWN PRIVATE SAW-MILL!  
IT'S CERTAINLY WELL HIDDEN! I DON'T  
SEE ANYONE OUTSIDE—I'LL CLIMB  
OUT...



AMIGO! YOU FOLLOWED  
ME DOWNSTREAM. GOOD  
HORSE!



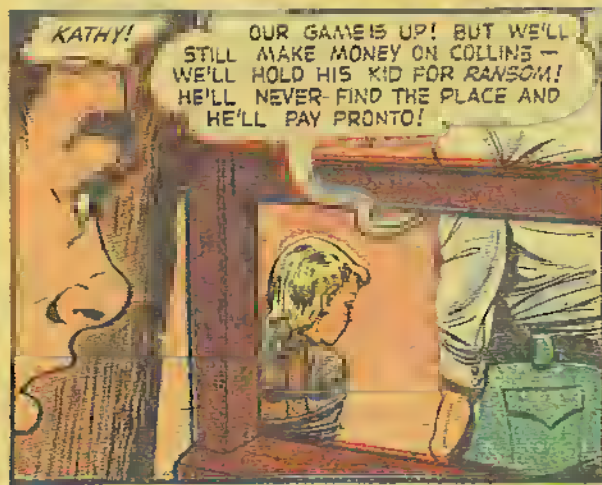
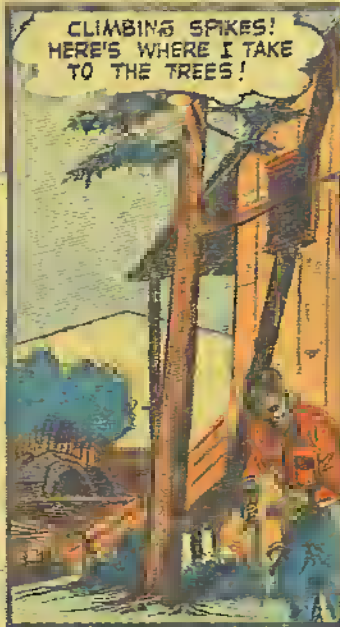
GO UP RIVER AND  
CROSS THE BRIDGE. FIND  
WINDY AND TEX! GO,  
BOY!



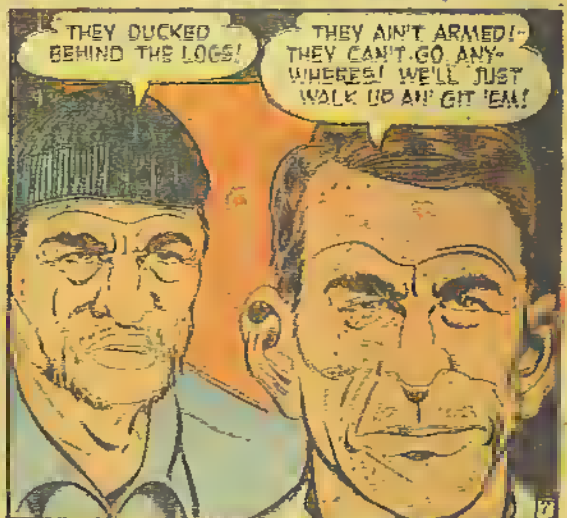
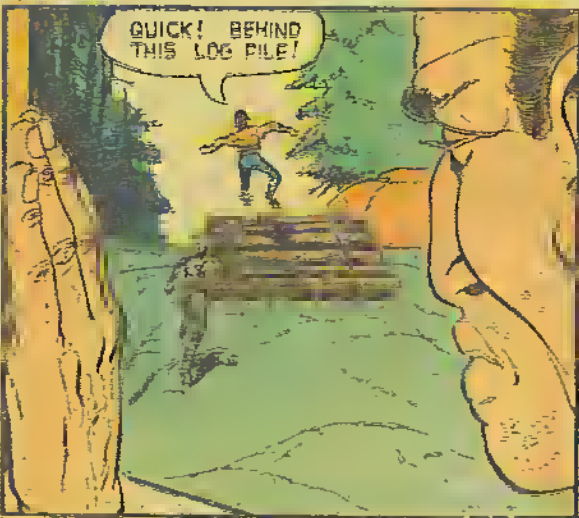
JUD'S GOT A NICE SET-UP.  
HE KNOWS WHEN MR. COLLINS  
IS PATROLLING THE RIVER—  
AND WHEN HE ISN'T, JUD  
RUSTLES THE LUMBER DOWN  
HERE! THE SAW'S WORKING—  
SOMEONE MUST BE IN THE  
MILL. WONDER IF KATHY'S  
THERE?













B-BOBBY,  
THEY'RE COMING  
STRAIGHT FOR  
US!

TAKE THIS... AND  
WAVE IT AT THE  
OTHER END OF THE  
PILE. I'LL TRY TO  
LOOSEN THE PEG THAT  
HOLDS THE LOGS AT THIS  
END WHILE YOU DISTRACT  
THEM!

THERE HE  
IS!  
VENTILATE  
HIM!

IF I CAN JUST  
LOOSEN THIS PEG!

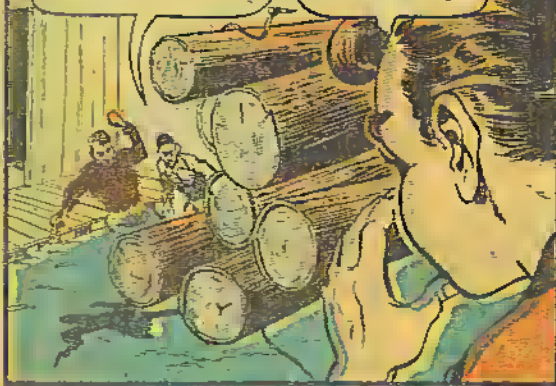
THERE!



SUDDENLY THE LOOSENED LOGS SNAP THE RE-  
MAINING PEG AND THUNDER DOWN...

I-JUD! LOOK!

TIMBER!



All-EEE!

YEOW!



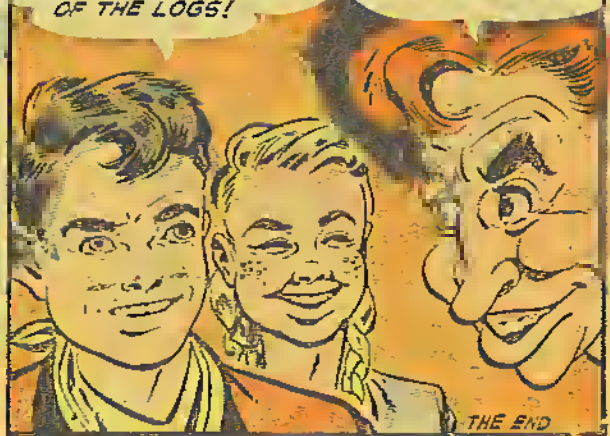
BOBBY, ARE YOU  
AND KATHY ALL  
RIGHT?

WE FOLLOWED AMIGO!  
FIGGERED YUH NEEDED  
HELP! DON'T LOOK THAT  
WAY NOW!



WE CAUGHT THE TIMBER  
RUSTLERS, BUT I'LL NEED  
PLENTY OF HELP GETTING  
THOSE TERMITES OUT  
OF THE LOGS!

RECKON THEY'LL  
BE CHIPPIN' ROCKS  
'STEAD OF TREES  
FER QUITE A SPELL!



THE END

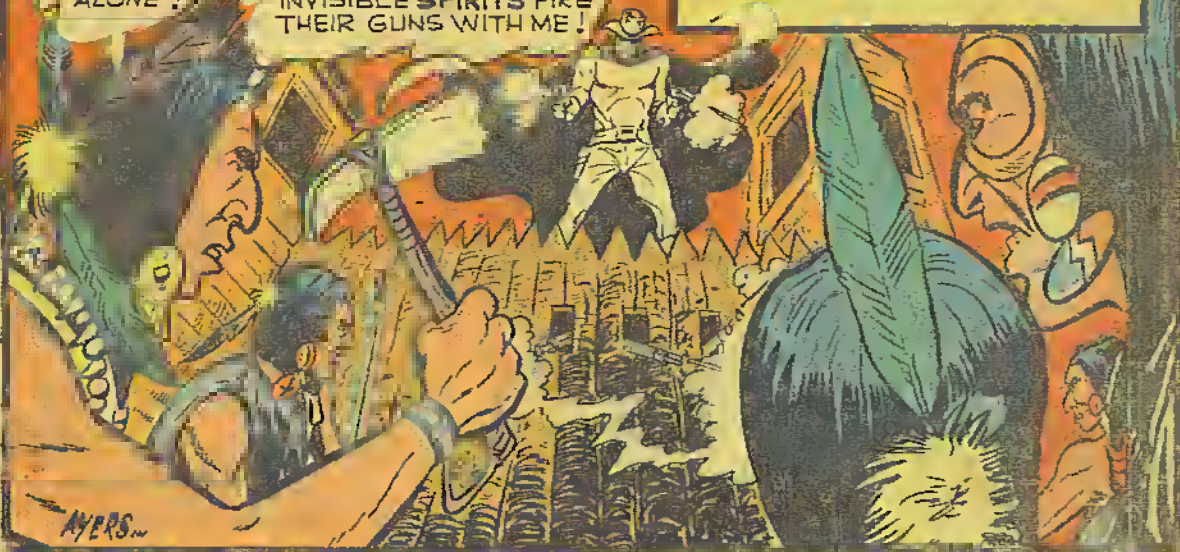


# the GHOST RIDER

THE CUNNING KIOWA RAIDERS STRIKE THE STOCKADE WITH SUDDEN FURY! NEW GUNS AND FRESH SUPPLIES ARE THE PRIZE FOR THEIR TREACHERY... BUT ACROSS THE DARK NIGHT PLAINS GALLOPS A WHITE PHANTOM RIDER, AND AS THE ONRUSHING SAVAGES ATTACK—THE GHOST RIDER HOLDS THE FORT!

NIYIAAA!  
FORWARD!  
ONE MAN  
CANNOT DEFEND  
THE FORT  
ALONE!

FOOLISH CHIEFTAIN!  
I AM NOT A MORTAL  
MAN, BUT THE GHOST  
OF A DEPARTED ONE!  
I AM NOT ALONE—  
INVISIBLE SPIRITS FIRE  
THEIR GUNS WITH ME!



AS REX FURY  
APPROACHES  
A FORK IN THE  
MAIN ROAD...

WHOA, BOY! LET THE  
TROOPS PASS FIRST!  
THEY LOOK LIKE THEY'RE  
ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS!

RECKON WE ARE!  
THERE'S A MARAUDIN'  
BAND OF REDSKINS  
WHO'VE BEEN RAIDIN'  
THE AREA. WE JUST  
GOT WORD FROM  
THE JOPHAR  
WIRELESS STATION  
THAT THEY'RE AT  
SABLE FALLS!

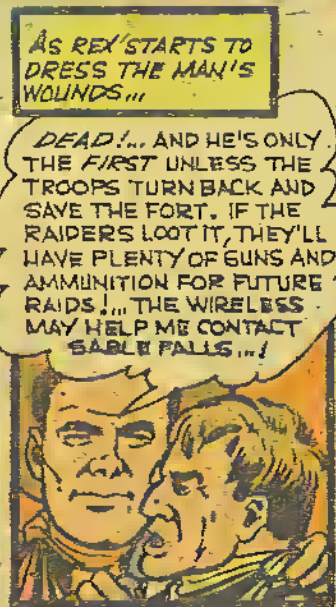
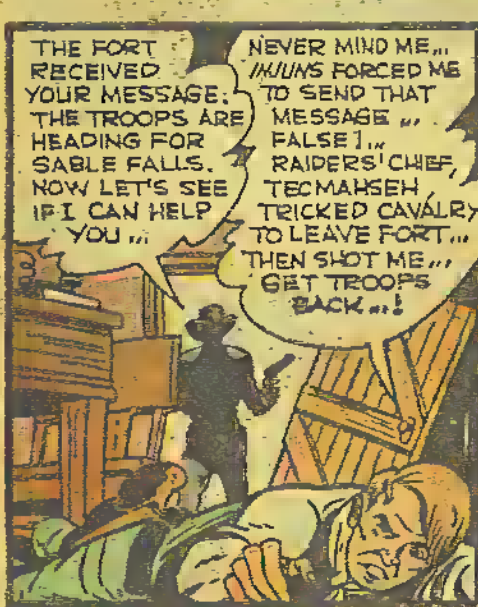
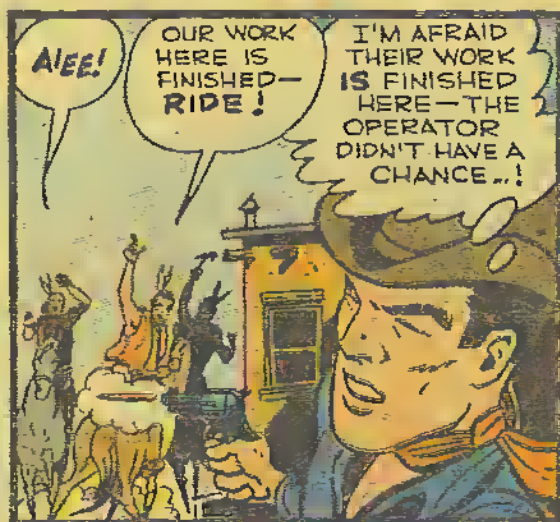
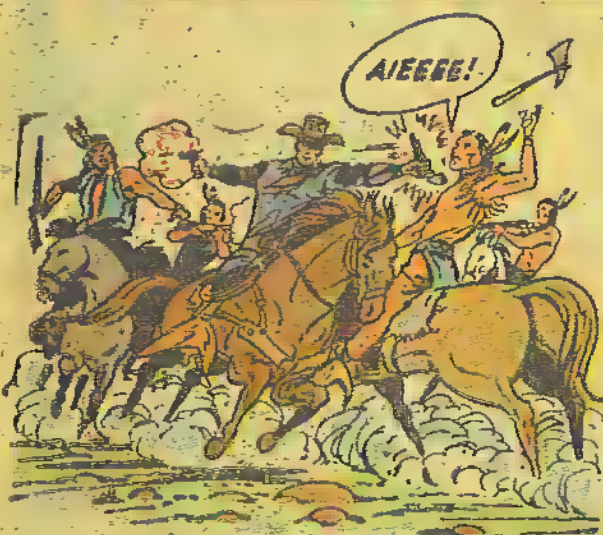


YOU SEEM TO  
BE RIDING WITH  
THE WHOLE  
CAVALRY  
FORCE!

LEFT JUST TWO  
MEN TO GUARD THE  
FORT. THE INDIANS  
ARE THE ONLY ONES  
WHO'D ATTACK AND  
WE KNOW WHERE  
THEY ARE—  
SABLE FALLS!









AS THE SUN SINKS,  
A WHITE FIGURE  
STANDS IN BOLD  
RELIEF AGAINST  
THE NIGHT SKY—  
THE GHOST  
RIDER!

FORWARD, SPECTRE!  
TO THE FORT! THE  
WEAPONS MUST NOT  
FALL INTO THE HANDS  
OF EVIL-DOERS!  
THE FORT'S  
DEFENDERS  
WILL NEED  
HELP!

TOO LATE! THEY HAVE STRUCK!  
... I'LL CIRCLE BEHIND THE  
FORT AND ENTER FROM  
THE REAR ...

UP,  
SPECTRE!



JEFF, WE CAN'T  
HOLD 'EM OFF  
MUCH ...  
AIEEE!

THEY HAVE  
BOTH FALLEN!

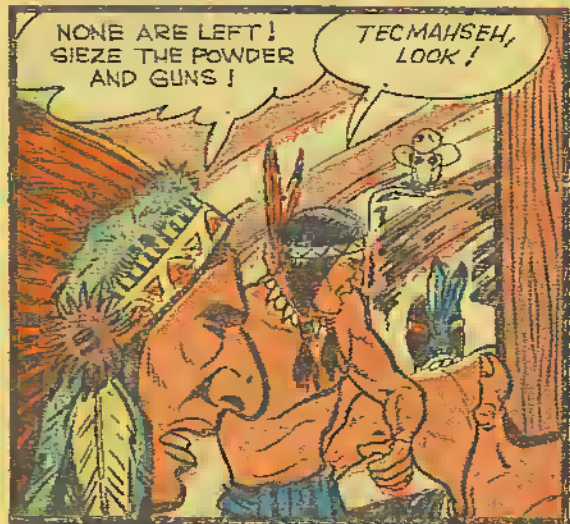


THE RAIDERS' ARROWS HAVE TAKEN  
SWIFT TOLL. NOW I ALONE MUST BAR  
THE PATH TO THE FORT'S SUPPLIES!  
... THEY ARE AT THE GATE!



NONE ARE LEFT!  
SIEZE THE POWDER  
AND GUNS!

TECMAHSEH,  
LOOK!



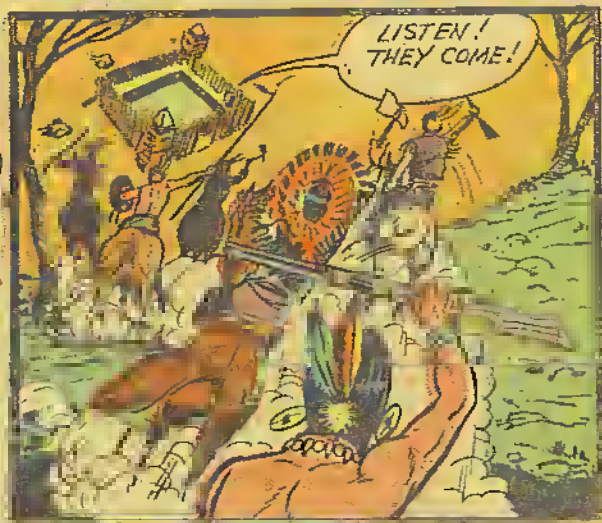
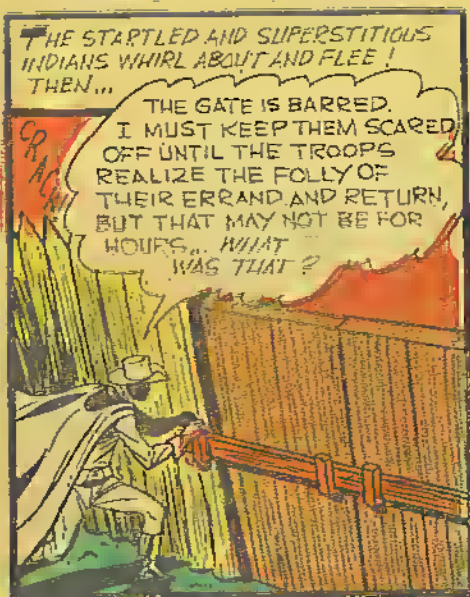
FROM THE  
TWO DEAD  
SOLDIERS  
ONE  
RISES!

IT IS HE  
WHO RIDES  
THE  
MIDNIGHT  
WINDS!

BACK! I HAVE  
RETURNED  
FROM THE  
LANDS BEYOND  
TO STAND  
GUARD  
HERE!





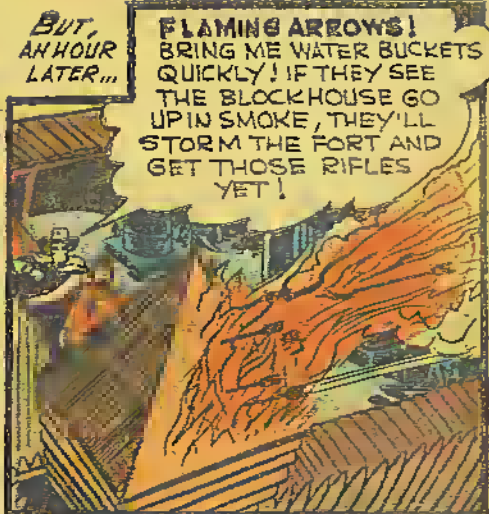






THEY'RE ON THE RUN,  
SING-SONG! NICE WORK!  
WE DROVE THEM BACK!

THAT VELLY GOOD!  
SING-SONG OUT OF  
BREATH. HOPE  
THEY STAY AWAY  
LONG TIME, MEBBE  
FOREVER!



BUT,  
AN HOUR  
LATER...

FLAMING ARROWS!  
BRING ME WATER BUCKETS  
QUICKLY! IF THEY SEE  
THE BLOCKHOUSE GO  
UP IN SMOKE, THEY'LL  
STORM THE FORT AND  
GET THOSE RIFLES  
YET!



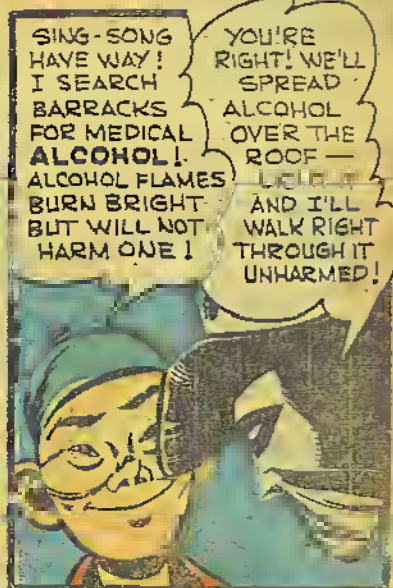
SING-SONG  
CARRY WATER  
FAST, BUT  
FLAMES  
SPREAD  
FASTER!

QUICK!  
ANOTHER  
BUCKET!  
I'VE GOT TO  
CONTROL  
THE FIRE!



MEBBE  
THEY SEND  
OTHER  
FLAMING  
ARROWS  
VELLY  
SOON.

IF THERE WAS  
ONLY A WAY  
TO CONVINCE  
THEM THAT FIRE  
COULDN'T HARM  
ME— THEN  
THEY'D STOP  
FLAMING ARROWS  
AT US.



SING-SONG  
HAVE WAY!  
I SEARCH  
BARRACKS  
FOR MEDICAL  
**ALCOHOL!**  
ALCOHOL FLAMES  
BURN BRIGHT  
BUT WILL NOT  
HARM ONE!

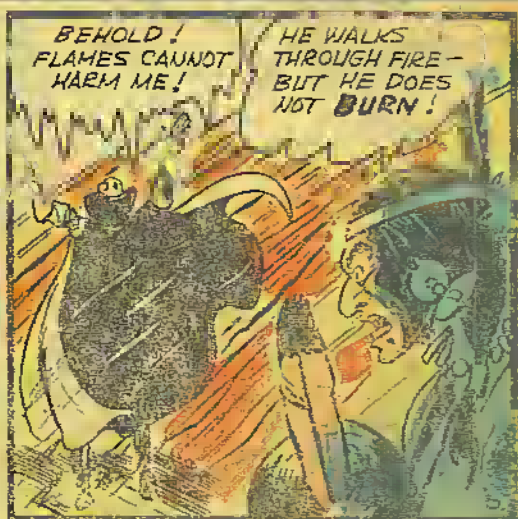
YOU'RE  
RIGHT! WE'LL  
SPREAD  
ALCOHOL  
OVER THE  
ROOF—  
AND I'LL  
WALK RIGHT  
THROUGH IT  
UNHARMED!



QUICKLY,  
SING-SONG  
RETURNS...

WHOLE ROOF  
SOAKED WITH  
ALCOHOL  
NOW.

I WON'T HAVE TO  
LIGHT IT—THAT FLAMING  
ARROW DID IT FOR ME!



BEHOLD!  
FLAMES CANNOT  
HARM ME!

HE WALKS  
THROUGH FIRE—  
BUT HE DOES  
NOT **BURN!**



IF FLAMES CANNOT HARM ME, WHO IS FOOLISH AS TO IMAGINE HIS PETTY WEAPON CAN HURT ONE RETURNED FROM THE DARK LANDS OF THE DEAD?

IT IS A GHOST! WE CANNOT DEFEAT US! AWAY!



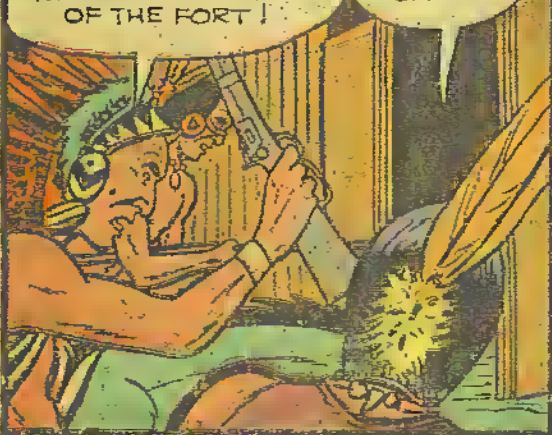
HALT! DO NOT LET HIS MEDICINE POOL YOU. HE IS ALONE AND HUMAN. THERE ARE GUNS AND SUPPLIES IN THE FORT WITH WHICH WE CAN RAID THE SETTLEMENTS! I RIDE BACK, IS NONE BRAVE ENOUGH TO FOLLOW TECHAUSEN?

I WILL, AND MY BROTHER RIDES WITH US!



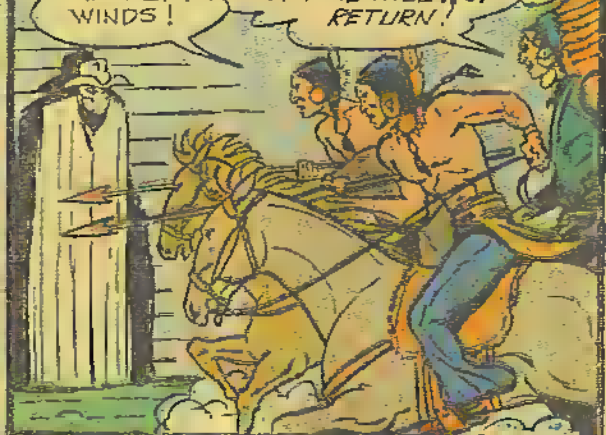
FORWARD! LET THE KIOWA LANCES BANISH THE LONE GUARDIAN OF THE FORT!

LOOK! THE GATE OPENS!



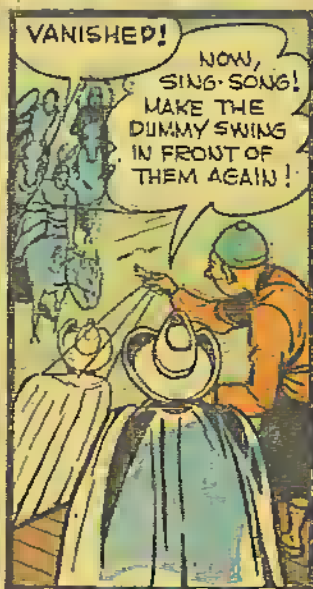
THERE IS THE RIDER OF THE MIDNIGHT WINDS!

THIS TIME HE GOES TO THE LANDS BEYOND AND HE WILL NOT RETURN!



VANISHED!

NOW, SING-SONG! MAKE THE DUMMY SWING IN FRONT OF THEM AGAIN!



HE IS UPON US!

LET OUR KNIVES CUT HIM DOWN!

